

# Getting Christmas Dinner ON A RANCH



By Theodore Roosevelt.

(This is an extract from a vivid little sketch written by Theodore Roosevelt twenty years ago and published at the time.)

One December, while I was out on my ranch, so much work had to be done that it was within a week of Christmas before we were able to take any thought for the Christmas dinner. The winter set in late that year, and there had been comparatively little cold weather, but one day the ice on the river had been sufficiently strong to enable us to haul up a wagonload of flour, with enough salt pork to last through the winter, and a very few tins of canned goods, to be used at special feasts. We had some bushels of potatoes, the heroic victors of a struggle for existence in which the rest of our garden vegetables had succumbed to drought, frost, and grasshoppers; and we also had some wild plums and dried elk venison. But we had no fresh meat, and so one day my foreman and I agreed to make a hunt on the morrow. Accordingly one of the cowboys rode out in the frosty afternoon to fetch in the saddlebag from the plateau three miles off, where they were grazing. It was after sunset when he returned.

Choosing out two of the strongest and quietest, we led them into the warm log stable, where they were given a plentiful supply of the short, nutritious buffalo grass hay, while the rest of the herd were turned loose to shift for themselves. Then we went inside

the house to warm our hands in front of the great pile of blazing logs, and to wait impatiently until the brace of prairie chickens I had shot that afternoon should be fixed for supper. Then our rifles and cartridge belts were looked to, one of the saddles which had met with an accident was overhauled, and we were ready for bed.

It was necessary to get to the hunting grounds by sunrise, and it still lacked a couple of hours of dawn when the foreman wakened me as I lay asleep beneath the buffalo robes. The air was bitterly chill; the cold had been severe for two days, so that the river ice would again bear horses. A mile off we crossed the river, the ice cracking with noises like pistol shots as our horses picked their way gingerly over it. On the opposite side was a dense jungle of bull-berry bushes, and on breaking through this we found ourselves galloping up a long, winding valley, which led back many miles into the hills. By this time there was a faint flush of gray in the east, and as we rode silently along we could make out dimly the tracks made by the wild animals as they had passed and repassed in the snow.

As the dawn reddened, and it became light enough to see objects some little way off, we began to sit erect in our saddles and to scan the hillsides sharp-

ly for sight of feeding deer. Just before sunrise we came on three lines of heart-shaped footmarks in the snow, which showed where as many deer had just crossed a little plain ahead of us.

Riding to one side of the trail, we topped the little ridge just as the sun flamed up, a burning ball of crimson, beyond the snowy waste at our backs. Almost immediately afterward my companion leaped from his horse and raised his rifle, and as he pulled the trigger I saw through the twigs of a brush patch on our left the erect, startled head of a young black-tailed doe as she turned to look at us, her great mule-like ears thrown forward. The ball broke her neck, and she turned a complete somersault downhill, while a sudden smashing of underbrush told of the flight of her terrified companions. In a few minutes she was dressed and hung up on a small ash tree.

We left our horses and struck off on foot for a group of high buttes cut up by the cedar canyons and gorges, in which we knew the old bucks loved to lie. It was noon before we saw any thing more. We lunched at a clear spring—not needing much time, for all we had to do was to drink a draught of icy water and munch a strip of dried venison. Shortly afterward, as we were moving along a hillside with silent caution, we came to a sheer canyon of which the opposite face was broken by little ledges grown up with wild beaten cedars. As we peeped over the edge, my companion touched my arm and pointed silently to one of the ledges, and instantly I caught the glint of a buck's horns as he lay half behind an old tree trunk. A slight shift of position gave me a fair shot. This was all we could carry. Leading the horses around, we packed the buck behind my companion's saddle, and then rode back for the doe, which I put behind mine, and returned triumphant with our Christmas dinner.

## Old Favorites

The Wives of Weinsberg.  
Which way to Weinsberg? neighbor, say!  
'Tis sure a famous city;  
It must have cradled, in its day,  
Full many a maid of noble clay,  
And matrons wise and witty;  
And if ever marriage should happen to me,  
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

King Conrad once, historians say,  
Fell out with this good city;  
So down he came, one luckless day—  
Horse, foot dragons—in stern array—  
And cannon—more's the pity!  
Around the walls the artillery roared,  
And bursting bombs their fury poured.

But naught the little town could scare;  
Then red with indignation,  
He bade the herald straight repair  
Up to the gates and thunder there  
The following proclamation:  
"Rascals! when I your town do take,  
No living neck shall save its neck!"

Now, when the herald's trumpet sent  
These tidings through the city,  
To every house a death-knell went;  
Such murder—cries the hot air rent  
Might more the stones to pity.  
Then bread grew dear, but good advice  
Could not be had for any price.

Then, "Woe is me!" "O misery!"  
What shrieks of lamentation,  
And "Kyrie Eleison!" cried  
The pastors and the flock replied,  
"Lord! save us from starvation!"  
"Oh, woe is me, poor Corydon!  
My neck—my neck! I'm gone—I'm gone!"

A youthful dame, praised be her name—  
Last night had seen her plight—  
Whether in waking hour or dream,  
Conceived a rare and novel scheme,  
Which all the town delighted;  
Which you, if you think otherwise,  
Have leave to laugh at and despise.

At midnight hour, when curfew in  
And gun and bomb were sleeping,  
Before the camp with mournful mien,  
The loveliest embassy were seen,  
All kneeling low and weeping,  
So sweetly, plaintively they prayed,  
But no reply save this was made:

"The women have free leave to go,  
Each with her choicest treasure;  
But let the knives, their husbands' need,  
That unto them the King will show  
The weight of his displeasure."  
With these sad terms the lovely train  
Stole weeping from the camp again.

But when the morning gilt the sky,  
What happened? Give attention:  
The city gates wide open fly,  
And all the wives come trudging by,  
Each bearing—need I mention?  
Her own dear husband on her back,  
All snugly seated in a sack!

Full many a sprig of court, the joke  
Not relishing, protested,  
And urged the King; but Conrad spoke:  
"A monarch's word must not be broke!"  
And here the matter rested.  
"Bravo!" he cried, "Ha, ha! Bravo!  
Our lady guessed it would be so."

He pardoned all, and gave a ball  
That night at royal quarters.  
The fiddles squeaked, the trumpets blew  
And up and down the dancers flew,  
Court sprigs with city daughters,  
The mayor's wife—Oh, rarest sight!  
Danced with the shoemaker that night!

Ah, where is Weinsberg, sir, I pray?  
'Tis sure a famous city;  
It must have cradled, in its day,  
Full many a maid of noble clay,  
And matrons wise and witty;  
And if ever marriage should happen to me,  
A Weinsberg dame my wife shall be.

—From the German of Gottfried August Burger.

## JAPAN GETS A NEW ISLAND.

Previously Unknown and It Bids Fair to Be Wealth Producing.  
The Japanese report the discovery of a previously unknown island about 280 miles east of Formosa. The discovery is somewhat surprising at this late date. The Japanese flag has been raised over it, and the name Nishigawa has been given to the island, says the New York Sun.

A Japanese agent, Mr. Nishigawa, is very enthusiastic over the discovery. He says it has great natural wealth. He found in the waters between the surrounding flat reef and the shores of the island several kinds of marketable shells and mother-of-pearl in abundance. There are also inexhaustible supplies of commercial coral; and, better still, he found enormous quantities of calcium phosphate on the reefs, that will afford the best of artificial fertilizer, and he thinks the supply is sufficient to keep miners busy for fifty or sixty years.

As his vessel approached the island Mr. Nishigawa saw a cloud of birds hovering over it, and he found later that they were of a species which the Japanese call osadori. These birds are found there in great numbers and are counted among the valuable resources of the island, as there is a good market for their plumage in Europe, particularly in France. Trade in these feathers has already begun, and they are the first of the island's resources to be shipped to Europe.

The flora is tropical, but the island seems to be fairly healthful. No reptiles or venomous insects can be found, and the only quadruped that the island seems to possess is a variety of rat about the size of a rabbit. This addition of a few scores of square miles to the known land surface of the earth bids fair to add a little to the world's wealth.

**Wonderful Kansas Corn.**  
Kansas corn is exceptional in growth this year. Husking will be more troublesome than usual because of the rank growth of the corn. The stalks are higher than ever, averaging 12 to 15 feet in most of the fields, and the farmers say this will cause the stalks to break, as the ears are usually above the halfway line on the stalks. The ears are of great weight and will tend to pull the stalk down. For the first time in years the ears protrude through the husks, and the grain is well filled entirely to the end of the cob. It is the most wonderful corn year central Kansas has seen in many years.

# EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

## TOO MANY WOMEN TEACHERS.

RESIDENT G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, never talks without saying something, and his remarks before the Twentieth Century Club revealed a new phase of experimental psychology, in which the learned Massachusetts man is an authority. Dr. Hall criticized what he termed the feminization of the American public school, which he holds responsible for lack of physical and moral training of boys. The tenderheartedness of women teachers, he contended, falls short of proper discipline and turns out unforned hoodlums who leave the classroom to add to juvenile crime.

There is perhaps some truth in this, but how does Dr. Hall propose to remedy the preponderance of women in such a poorly paid profession as school teaching? Poor textbooks, and the very short average of 151 school days to each year can hardly be expected to exert very great influence toward character formation on the pupil. Added to that the fact that the girl who takes up school teaching regards it as a temporary occupation, to be set aside for matrimony, and the element of influence is decidedly lacking.

## FREE PUBLIC LECTURES.

It is not uncommon to hear cultivated men and women of middle age lament the decline of the lyceum system, which did much to raise the standard of taste and knowledge a generation ago. There are still courses of public lectures and entertainments which enliven winter evenings in many small towns and in the cities, but the old system has changed its characteristics and lost a measure of its influence. In its place, however, has risen something which may be even more important—the free lecture courses maintained by many of the larger municipalities, such as New York, Chicago and Boston.

The old lyceum lecture dealt frequently with philosophical subjects, and was usually delivered by some one of wide reputation. An admission fee was charged, and the illustrations, if there were any, and that was not often, were produced by the magic lantern. The patrons were drawn mainly from the cultivated and well-to-do.

The modern municipal lectures are free, and are usually delivered in the public schoolhouses. The audiences are composed largely of persons who cannot afford to pay much for the instruction and entertainment they receive, but who eagerly embrace the opportunity for mental culture. The subjects of the lectures cover an immense range. The courses are frequently diversified by evenings which are given to music or other wholesome entertainment. They enjoy the great advantage of the stereopticon and the vitascope, and enlist the services of many eminent specialists. Their purpose is

to reach those into whose lives comes the least of healthful joy and the smallest opportunity for knowledge. New York City alone has more than a hundred of these lecture centers, all well-known and well-patronized.

Although free to the audiences, these lectures and other entertainments are, of course, not free to the municipalities which maintain them. Yet they are so useful, and so admirably adapted to educating, entertaining and uplifting the people, that even the country town could spend money wisely by the organization of such courses.—Youth's Companion.

## WHY CHILDREN ARE BACKWARD.

FRENCH scientists have been devoting considerable attention of late to the problem of the backward child. They regard the vast majority of such cases as the result of false abnormality, and the remainder as physically imperfect. Many children are backward in school through poor eyesight, which places them at a great disadvantage in following instructions given by means of blackboards or charts. Others are deaf, and frequently suffer seriously by reason of going through school without their disability being noticed. These two defects are most common of all.

Many of the diseases of childhood are responsible for permanent troubles that affect the mental development. For instance, children may suffer from neuralgia, the thyroid gland may be imperfect, or, as is very frequently the case, adenoids may fill up a large part of the breathing passages and render a child dull and slow.

Trouble with the teeth is blamed for retarded development, and the French experts believe that the nerves of the dental system affect the brain to a much greater extent than generally suspected. They recommend the careful examination of every child at least once a year by a competent physician as a necessary complement of the school system.—Des Moines News.

## ONCE CHINAMAN ALWAYS CHINAMAN.

CHINA is yet a land and a people rated by ancestors. A Chinaman belongs, soul and body, to his home land because his ancestors belonged there. The wandering Bengali who dies in a strange land has paid tribute all his toiling years to a brotherhood whose sacred duty is to coffin his bones and send him back to his native land for burial. Not even after death will his country relinquish her claims to him. Why should the Chinese government be interested in keeping American-born Chinese familiar with the reading and writing of the old language when it is presumed that they and their children will remain in America henceforth? The answer is that such is never the presumption. The government's theory is that a Chinaman is here only by the accident of birth or to get money, and when it becomes possible he will take his money and go to live and enjoy it in the Flowery Kingdom.—Washington (D. C.) Post.

## HER DESTINY IN A BARREL OF APPLES



Striking Instance of the Trifling Detail That Often Shapes Human Existence

box in the village postoffice that she had rented for her sojourn in the country. She resumed the packing of the barrel she had left so suddenly, and when she was unmolested deftly pulled the envelope from her belt and buried it among the rosy-cheeked fruit.

The apples were shipped the very next day. That was Oct. 5. On riding into town Nov. 20, she found in her mail box a letter addressed to the fictitious person whose name she had placed in the apple barrel. The envelope bore a British stamp and the postmark of a town in England.

"Archibald Pole-Wrensforsley," she read from the characteristically British scrawl. Then she looked for the address. "Waggoner's Wells, Surrey, England, November the eleventh." Well, if her apples had not gone to Australia they had at least fallen into English hands in the land from which her ancestors had sprung.

Then she read the letter. The writer admitted having found her funny little note and the presentment of her lovely self among the apples he had purchased. He was deeply interested in both, he declared. The snapshot was altogether too small. Would she please send him a larger and more truthful one? And just as an earnest of his own good faith, here was one of himself. He assured her that he would anxiously await her reply.

Ivy sent the photograph, and told that she was not a farmer's daughter, but an adventurous maid with a Chicago education in matters of the heart. She gave him likewise her real name and her home address, and tried to consider the incident closed.

But Squire Archibald Pole-Wrensforsley of Waggoner's Wells, Surrey, England, was of a different mind. He wasted no more time in unsatisfactory correspondence. He forthwith packed his property British bags and boxes and took the first available vessel for New York, hurrying from thence by the eighteen-hour train to Chicago.

For all his haste, his British training in the conventionalities stood him in good stead, and he had provided himself with a letter of introduction to the British consul in Chicago. It was from his uncle, a baronet. By coincidence it happened that the consul had known Ivy's father, then dead, so the very unconventional trans-Atlantic adventure of this very conventional young English squire was greatly facilitated. He called upon the widowed mother of Ivy Chudleigh, and with quite un-British impetuosity begged the privilege of paying his addresses to her daughter.

Like a young Lochinvar from the East, instead of the West, he wooed her, and to such good intent and result that the particular set in which vivacious Miss Ivy had reigned as a belle lost her from its functions, and before it really had time to figure out what was going on the invitations to the wedding were out.

Farmer Crane sent a barrel of apples as a wedding gift. Mr. and Mrs. Pole-Wrensforsley are now making a tour of the world, for he is a well-to-do young squire, and not a fortune hunter. Eventually they plan to settle down on his ancestral estate in Surrey

County, England, but one of their hygienic agreements is that they will make a yearly pilgrimage to the shrine of their love each year when the apple trees at Lindenwood, Ill., are laden with crimson and golden fruit.

## GAS BY THE POUND.

Invention of a German Chemist Puts Light in All Dark Places.  
"Give me two pounds of gas. Folks complain it's getting kind of dark up at our house."

Thus the farmer of the near future, addressing the bewildered corner grocer, who will hand a little iron cylinder over the counter and write the amount in the customer's red-covered farm book. And that evening the farmhouse will blaze once more like the ballroom of a summer resort hotel or a sidewalk at Coney Island. Light, plenty of light, for the common and isolated people is not a distant dream, but a fact already achieved with commercial success in Germany, and waiting the first favorable opportunity to come across the pond.

Blaugas, the invention of the chemist Herman Blau, will make any suburbanite, lantern lecturer, camper or traveling professor of prehistory quite independent of gas trust and oil trust, not to mention the wayward apparitions of the moon. Just get a 22-pound cylinder of liquid gas, 6 inches in diameter and 3 feet long, and you will have more than enough superbrilliant illumination to last four months. A small portable outfit the size of a grip will furnish a 60-candlepower light for 3 1/2 hours a day for a fortnight. It is said to be absolutely safe aboard ship or train. You could use it advantageously in the subway.

This gas, which is mostly liquefied under a pressure of 1,500 pounds to the square inch, is not poisonous or explosive. It costs slightly more than metropolitan gas, but the public service commission may have a say on that. Anyhow, it beats electricity, acetylene, tallow candles and kerosene. It can be piped through a copper tube as small as a telegraph wire. It burns right side up or upside down in a mantle burner, giving an incandescent white glow. A number of suburbanites could with little expense have a common plant for the distribution of the great light giver, or each one could pipe his house separately, taking care not to inform the Plumbers' Union, which might object to the simplicity of the installation.

Mr. Blaugas—that is, Mr. Blau, the inventor—is imprisoned by scientists because he ingeniously constructed his gas by a reversal of the usual gassy process, distilling oil at the low temperature and mixing in gases the trust has no use for.—New York Tribune.

The French have an expression about "cab wit." That is, a Frenchman, returning from a party, and alone in his cab, thinks of lots of clever things he might have said. There is a great deal of cab wit outside of France.

That mighty unfair trick of killing the fatted calf for the prodigal causes more family rows than anything else on earth, except the division of Father's Money.

## THE LABORER'S REWARD

We labor best in life's long day,  
When most we labor for the pay  
That is divinely given.  
The laborer worthy of his hire  
Is he whom angels can inspire  
With love sent down from heaven.

Life's labor is not lost to him  
Who fills his cup of life to brim  
With love's own satisfaction;  
Or seeks in toil to realize  
The joy of labor's perfect prize,  
The prize of art's perfection.

No man can pay the fairest price  
Of love's most willing sacrifice;  
No human hire rewards us;  
But we have in the strength and joy,  
Which others gain in our employ,  
The best that life affords us.

Life's true reward is in itself,  
Without the gain of sordid pelf—  
It is the joy of living!  
No pay in gold or honor rare  
Is compensation to compare  
With just the joy of giving!  
—Rev. J. J. G. Graham.

## Looking Into the Sunset

Yes, thus lived Miss Spencer (at the time of which I write) all alone with Richard of the Lion Heart, and if you ask me for further particulars of Richard I will say that he was a canary whose pleasure and duty it was to mind his mistress and keep her safe from harm.

Oh, but he was a champion bird, was Richard! Afraid of nothing, chattering fierce warnings to the butcher and the groceryman, and tolerating the baker in a peremptory sort of way only because he was the man who brought the bread; and when anybody sought to ingratiate themselves with this spited bird by inserting a finger between the bars of his cage he almost fell off his perch at the impudence of them and straightaway fell to sharpening his beak on his bit of cuttle, his chirping turned to the horrid croaking of a feathered pet who is presently going to bite a finger off!

Well, then, it began with slight hoarseness in Richard's highest notes and the moment she heard it Miss Spencer folded her needlework—she was knitting a pair of shoes for some fortunate little orphan—and mixed a little faxseed with Richard's birdseed, and shut a door and a window to keep the draught off him, but all in vain. His hoarseness increased to an extent that would have discouraged any other bird, but Richard, justly named the Lion Heart, persevered in his song until it sounded almost as shrill as a very rusty saw going through a very hard knot. In vain he hopped from one perch to another; in vain he elided along his perch, as he sang, his poor little beak opened so wide that he had to shut his eyes; his cold grew worse and worse and he began to neglect his food.

Lettuce tempted him not, except for hopeful moments; he turned up his bill at celery tips and green peas, and as for birdseed, he simply wouldn't look at it. And there he stood, day after day, on the end of his perch, leaning against the side of his cage, silent, moody, drooping and only showing a flare of his old-time spirit when seeing the butcher and the groceryman, when, indeed, he gave expression to a few sentiments, of which it is only charitable to say nothing at all.

And that was how Miss Spencer missed going to church for the first time in twenty years, since the year of the great blizzard, to be exact, which brings us to the doctor, whom you will

be able to picture clearly when I whisper to you that he was an elderly blue-eyed gentleman, beloved of everyone, who lived in considerable awe of his housekeeper and was famous for the great age of his horse.

"I didn't see Miss Spencer at church this morning," said the doctor as he obediently sat himself at the dinner table.

"Out of town, maybe," snapped the housekeeper.

"No," said the doctor, "she never goes out of town."

The housekeeper rattled a plate.

"It's the first time that she has missed church," said the doctor, "since I can remember."

The housekeeper rattled another plate and the doctor relapsed into silence, but soon after dinner he harnessed the ancient nag, and half an hour later Richard the Lion Heart had his little beak opened and a doctor of medicine was trying to look at his tongue!

A fortnight passed and the doctor called every day, tempting Richard's appetite with chickweed—slyly rubbed with olive oil—swathing his cage with flannels, coaxing him back to activity and song; so that at the end of the fortnight the doctor announced that his patient was entirely well, and regretfully added that his visits, his very pleasant visits, for which he would take no other fee than one of Richard's lion-hearted songs, would have to cease and determine. He stayed away a week and then he called one evening, "just to see," as he told himself, "how his patient was getting along."

Little Miss Spencer was sitting at the window knitting a pair of socks

for another of those unfortunate orphans, and Richard's cage was on the sill, where he was playing with a bit of yarn, trying to unravel it and calling to the homing sparrows. What Miss Spencer's thoughts had been I do not know, but as she knitted away and looked at the sunset it sometimes happened, I think, that she knitted a tear into those little woolen socks, but yet, when the doctor entered, her eyes were very bright.

"Well," cried the doctor in his mild and cheery manner, "and how's the patient?"

He sat, too, at the window.

"He thinks he's making a nest," smiled Miss Spencer.

"But what is he chattering about?" asked the doctor.

"I think," said Miss Spencer, her eyes brightly on her work, "I think he is calling—to his mate."

Spencer with her lips parted, her eyes shining, and that tender look of happiness which tells of dreams fulfilled.—Evening Sun.

## MAGIC GLASS.

A Curious Mirror That May Be Made Transparent.

One of the most curious inventions of this age is what is called platized glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum and then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form an odd kind of mirror.

The glass has not really lost its transparency, and yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it he sees his image as in an ordinary looking glass. But when light is allowed to come through the glass from the other side, as when it is placed in a window, it appears perfectly transparent, like ordinary glass.

By constructing a window of platized glass one could stand close behind the panes in an unilluminated room and behold clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror or set of mirrors in which their own figures would be reflected, while the person inside remained invisible.

In France various tricks have been contrived with the aid of this glass. In one a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches it to gaze upon himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure that had been hidden behind the magic glass.—New York Tribune.

**His Idea of the English.**  
The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England and on receiving a negative reply continued:

"Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!'"

When I was in London I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister. We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us: 'French people!'"

"Memoirs of Victor Hugo."

**St. Peter and the Widower.**  
Bernard Robbins, head of the legal department of New York's Court of Appeals—this charity helps the poor to adjust their marital troubles without going to the expense of lawsuits—said the other day to a newspaper man:

"Such work as mine makes you, if you are not careful, pessimistic about marriage, so that you find yourself telling grimly over and over again the story about St. Peter and the widower.

"What? You don't know the story? Well, it seems that two souls approached St. Peter side by side, and the younger was repulsed sternly by the saint on the ground that since he had never been married he had never known suffering.

"The older man advanced with glad confidence. He stated that he had been married twice.

"But he, too, the saint replied, saying: 'This is no place for fools.'"  
A woman will do a lot of cheeky things to improve her complexion.